

Lyhyt tarina jonka kirjoitin alunperin englanniksi. Saatan laittaa sen myöhemmin suomeksi kun saan sen version kirjoitettua! Chaos theory This used to be my favorite place. I often felt disconnected and lost, and in need of a getaway. The attic in the house my parents used to own, was like a different plane. A void filler when there was an empty spot in my soul. Scattered thoughts are better in writing than when spoken. Typewriter next to the circular window was the centerpiece of this secret and mysterious place. Now, many years later I found myself compelled to go up there again, but this would be the last time Sound of wood creaking under my feet while walking upstairs reminded me of the times I went here. This almost ancient house has been lonely for decades now, inhabited only by dust and ghosts of the past. Past that I could feel but couldn't change. Like this house, It wouldn't budge, no matter what. My desk where I used to write, the window where I used to look at our apple tree, growing ever older and wiser, giving its fruit. It was all here, all the memories. I remembered the days when the branches would grow all the way to this very window, and I would try to reach for the apples. All the little machines in nature working in harmony, roots and branches, gave me a reason to believe that the world is far less chaotic than I thought. There was control, and it gave me the missing pieces to finally finish the puzzle that was my unquiet mind. Reaching for the typewriter with a story in mind, I couldn't help but feel restless. Something was looking at me. Subtle but noticeable sound of knocking filled the air. I wasn't alone. A monarch butterfly was knocking in the window, looking rather curious. I could hear the cold autumn breeze outside. The leaves were dancing the never ending dance, and Sound of the wind was enough to make me feel frozen in time. I opened the window. I couldn't see the face of that butterfly, but I did felt a warm wave in my heart knowing that we would both be here, out of the cold. I was sure that it was delighted as well. I started to write, like I had done so many time before. The haunting sounds of this rustic house, creaking and whistling in the wind, used to bother me, but the house was awfully quiet this time. Almost too quiet, I thought. I blew the dust away from the typewriter and let my imagination go wild. "Time is like a river, destined to go one way. There is no way to fight against that current, no way to go back. And if I had known how much the little things would change that current I'm swimming in, I would have done things differently. Maybe I'd still have my family, or my little house. I used to think that flashbacks and dreams allowed me to go there to relive those moments, to change them. But I can't. Tiny butterfly flapping its wings caused a tornado in my life. It disrupted the current making me feel like I was drowning. Maybe one day it will calm down " Painful memories of the past came flooding back in my mind, too many to ignore. Suddenly the quiet butterfly landed slowly on my hand. We stared at each other. "Did you know about this?" I asked. But I never got an answer.